

# He who was not

Awakening there was an awareness of continuity. The place looked familiar.

A painting rested on an easel in the corner of the room. No-one had painted it. Yet it had been painted. He remembered doing the work. Whatever sense of ego self he had had on the previous day had passed on to his now ego self the memory of making paint marks on the canvas.

Arising, washing, eating bread. An aeroplane overhead.

Looking out of the window. Birds gathered on the trees across the road. Two men walked along the lane, arguing. Somewhere nearby children were laughing and shouting in play. A flowerbed.

He dressed, put on shoes, a coat. He went downstairs.

There was traffic on the road. A couple passed, discussing shops and prices. Crows cried raucously. Sea birds screamed their usual screams. A nightingale.

He remembered several things he had thought and they were each from different ego selves, therefore not thought by him as such, though he remembered thinking them anyway.

He was different then.

He crossed the park in a state of trudge.

He entered the wooded area in a state of wander.

He stood by a particularly old tree in a state of emptiness.

“He”, if he could be called “he” considered the origin of ideas. Some little place within the brain, within the nervous system. Some little place where the predetermined process of the universe was foiled by contact with the primeval chaos from which the universe had originally sprung. Some little place where the enormity of miracle happened. Original thought. New ideas. Free will within an otherwise predetermined universe.

He continued walking. He was not the same “he” who had awoken that day. Already that ego self had been replaced by a new ego self who felt the sun rising across the sky to the noon. During the rest of the day no-one did the walking and wandering but the walking and wandering happened. He was not governed by the deterministic universe.

All objects and forces in the universe were governed by cause and effect. The only exception was that little thing, that little place, that little element within the brain, within the mind. That infinitesimal point of connection to the chaos which is outside of time and space, the source of all matter and energy, the source of all things. The original unchanging yet

forever changing chaos. As long as he was connected to that chaos he had the ability of original thought and freedom of action. However, this could only happen if “he” didn’t really exist. He was nowhere. He was nothing. Each time he thought about himself he was someone different.

If he entered a shop to buy some groceries he had to interact with other humans. And he was human. He interacted. He used personae. A little slow on the uptake sometimes. He basically “got” the sign systems used by others. When he was one he was usually one who could communicate to some extent. He could excavate the necessary forms from within the archeology of myth patterns and exchange the currency of words and words of currency.

He stood in the High Street in a state of puzzle.

He saw the passing spectacle of daily life in a state of accept because necessary.

He was nobody. He was nothing. And he liked it.

He wasn’t who “he” had been, yet “he” returned to “his” place and slept. Someone or something different would awaken.